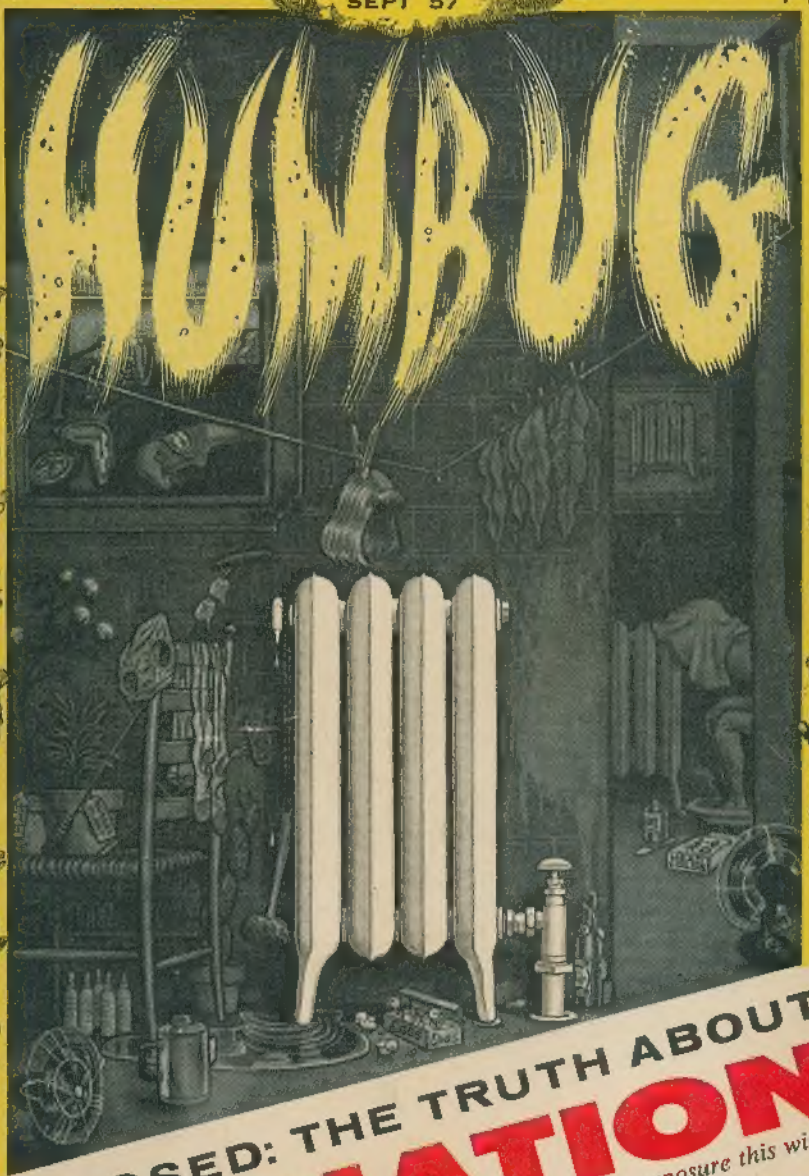
CDC
15¢
SEPT 57

# HUMBUG



## EXPOSED: THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIATION

*Americans face 90% exposure this winter.*

# ☆ ☆ ☆ THE HUMBUG AWARD ☆ ☆ ☆

*Dedicated to outstanding people who have made extremely unimportant contributions to society, this page honors*

## Robert Harrison~Editor of Confidential

## HUMBUG HERO OF MONTH

Ebenezer Scrooge Jacob Marley

JUDGES

***Rugged*** after shave lotion with a he-man aroma duplicating sweating lumberjack-scent. Much more he-manish than a tattoo on the hand.

# HUMBUG

EDITOR / HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER / HARRY CHESTER STAFF ART / JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE, (EDIT), ARNOLD ROTH (EDIT) CONTRIBUTORS / ARNOLD BENSON RUSS HEATH LARRY SIEGEL


# HUGE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

*In a series of gigantic publicity moves, Humbug has contacted disc jockies the country o'er requesting plugs from them on their shows in return for plugs we will give them. In one week alone, we sent out 300 rubber bathtub plugs.*

*Also, we have watched with interest the publicity campaign of a fellow magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, where they announced on a series of handsome posters in headline type, THE INFLUENTIALS IS COMING. The posters, large photographs, depicted the silhouette of a smart executive (an S.E.P. reader) striding imporiantly through airports, railroad stations and fancy offices. Boldly following on the heels of this idea—in other words stealing it—we printed our own posters announcing THE INCONSEQUENTIAL IS COMING; (the Humbug reader).*

300 a week

*We are displaying these posters on the sides of abandoned houses, walls of rest rooms, and wherever else we can paste them without being caught.*

*It won't be long now. Soon, all the inconsequentials will band together under the new Humbug banner into one large group. Together, we inconsequentials will become influentials—and then—then we get rid of the influentials.*

*By the next issue we'll be ready to start a letter column, gang, so keep 'em coming.*

*Harvey Kurtzman*
*editor*

SID HARMAN

Humbug poster

## TABLE OF CONTENTS


THE FISHTAIL ..... 2
REVERSE CLICHES ..... 3
AROUND THE DAYS ..... 6
SOMETHING OF MAU MAU 9
BASEBALL HEXES ..... 11
VACATION-TIME ..... 14
NIGHT AT THE CASTLE ... 19
OFFENSIVE ..... 21
MY FAIR SADIE ..... 23
BLECHMAN ..... 26
TELEVISION BUGS ..... 27
TIRED BLOOD ..... 32



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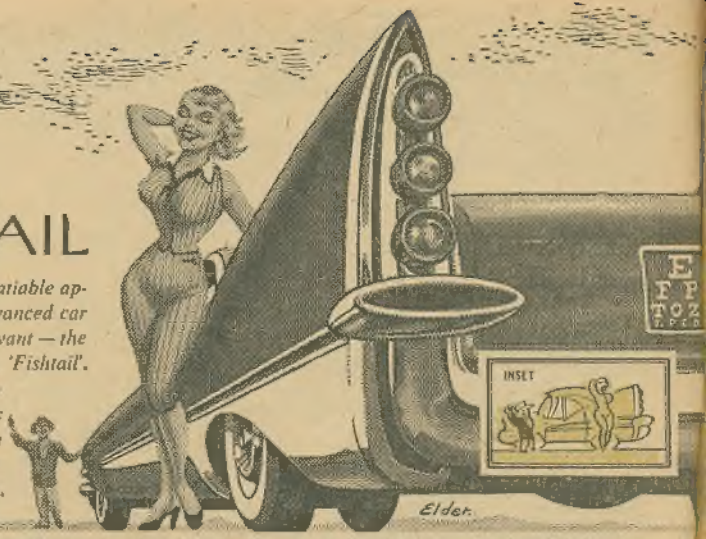
# THE FISHTAIL

*Working tirelessly to please our insatiable appetites for longer, sleeker, more advanced car design—design that we the public want—the auto industry has come up with the 'Fishtail'. We wanted it, and we got it. And now that we've got it, the auto industry is trying to figure what we can do with it. The following are HUMBUG's suggestions of what we can do with it.*




**Fishtail, viewed from rear, reveals lengthy sweep, viewed from side, reveals lengthy sweep (see inset) is illusion.**

**FINS GIVE** stability (at 80 mph). No tumbling action as car misses the turn.

**EXTRA STORAGE** is had by jamming picnic lunches, etc., up into fishtails.

**PUNCHING HOLES** in beer can with fishtail point is very handy at picnics.

**SLICING BALONEY** etc., is also convenient and easy on ridge of fishtail.

**NO BENT FENDERS.** Wife backing into rear of garage slices through clean.

**TRUEST USE.** Fishtail's stabilizing action in water (like fish) allows escape.

# REVERSE CLICHES

*by Arnold Benson*

*I could like aimless conversation if once in a while, somebody would say:*

"When I was a boy, we never had winters as bad as this."

* * * * *

"They're making everything much better than they used to."

* * * * *

"How did a wonderful girl like you get to be so successful in this business?"

* * * * *

"He was a hard man to work for, but he never knew what he wanted."

* * * * *

"Funny thing about colored people. They just can't seem to sing or dance."

"The trouble with me is, I always keep blurting out falsehoods."

* * * * *

"Isn't Prince wonderful? Sometimes he's almost canine."

* * * * *

"I never made any money, but I never got cluttered up with a lot of friends either."

* * * * *

"When I think of some of the officers we had, I know why we won the war."

* * * * *

"I may get a little careless once in a while, but I miss deadlines all the time."

"This is just a phase that's permanent."

* * * * *

"She's not very good looking, but what a God-awful dancer."

* * * * *

"I'm a drinking man myself, and I hate people who do."

* * * * *

"We never have any money, and we're miserable and fighting all the time."

* * * * *

"Funny thing about women. You can live with them or you can live without them."

* * * * *

"If I knew then what I know now, I'd have starved to death."

* * * * *

"He's got a lot of faults, but he's always so undependable."

* * * * *

"I read the book but I didn't see the picture."

* * * * *

"I like those Hollywood endings."

* * * * *

"The apartment looks fine. Come on up.'

* * * * *

"Until I met you I'd never known a truly unhappy day in my life."

* * * * *

"Goodbye, Beautiful."

* * * * *

"I hate kittens, but I love 'em when they grow up to be cats."

* * * * *

"Have you seen Margaret lately? She's a worse mess than ever since her analysis."

"I may do a little sociable drinking on occasion, but mostly I just get drunk."

* * * * *

"One thing about me: I have absolutely no sense of humor."

* * * * *

"He may not look like much, but he's one of the dumbest bastards I've ever met."

* * * * *

"Women always look worse to me after a couple of drinks."

* * * * *

"I know everything there is to know about art; I just don't know what I like."

* * * * *

"It's easier for a rich man to get into heaven than any of you guys."

* * * * *

"They won't think up anything next."

* * * * *

"She's ugly as a mud fence, and she's no fun at all."

* * * * *

"I don't like bullfighting much, but I love the business about the horses."

* * * * *

"I trust Joe. He never looks you in the eye."

* * * * *

"None of my friends are Jewish."

* * * * *

"I don't care if a joke is funny, as long as it's dirty."

* * * * *

"How come you keep running into me darling, just when I'm looking at my absolute best."

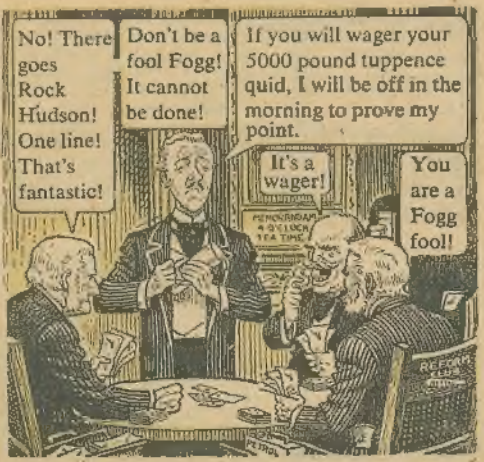
END

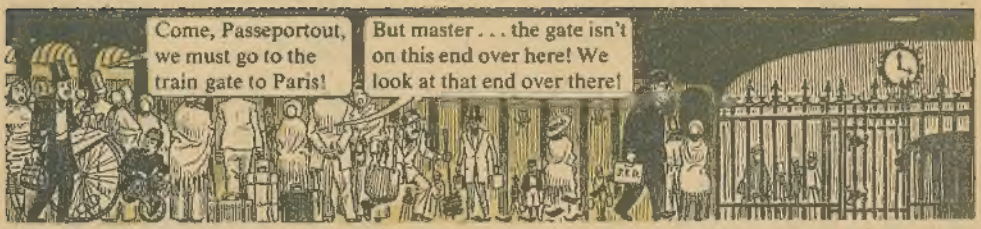
Above is a small part of the cast you'll see in . . .

# AROUND THE DAYS IN 80 WORLDS

*Who isn't familiar with the Jules Verne classic, the story of Phileas Fogg who with his valet, Passepartout, goes around the world in 80 days on a bet in the Nautilus with Capt. Nemo. To film this classic, Mike Toddy hired a cast of thousands of nothing but stars, and filmed an extravaganza in Toddy A-OO-AH-EE wide screen, bringing movie talkies a step closer to feelies.*

Cock-tail, Sir?
Fan-tas-tic?
Fantastic, Sir? You say a trip around the world in 80 days is fantastic?
MEMORANDUM 4 O'CLOCK TEA TIME


No! There goes Rock Hudson! One line! That's fantastic!
Don't be a fool Fogg! It cannot be done!
If you will wager your 5000 pound tuppence quid, I will be off in the morning to prove my point.
It's a wager!
You are a Fogg fool!
MEMORANDUM 4 O'CLOCK TEA TIME


Come, Passeportout, we must go to the train gate to Paris!
But master . . . the gate isn't on this end over here! We look at that end over there!

Now, Passeportout, here is where we take a balloon to Marsaille!
Not at this end over here! We must look at that end over there!

Passeportout! From Spain we get tickets for the boat . . .
I not at this end over here, Master! Look at that end over there!

Passeportout! Where the devil are you? Did you get our tickets to Calcutta?
Master! Don't look here! Look at the other end over there!

When we get to New York, we book passage to England . . .
No, No audience! do not look here! —the other end over there!

No no no! Not here! Over *there!*
Not here either! —This wide screen . . . HOOboy!

I'm sorry, Mr. Fogg! We've run out of fuel. We can't find another scrap of wood in the box! We'll never make it to England in time!
Have you searched both ends of the Toddy-A-AH-E-O wide screen? Surely there is wood somewhere in those vast expanses.
Tell you what Captain. . . I'll buy the boat and we'll chop it up for fuel.

C. Hardnick
J. Brownie
L. Murro
J. Okie
E. Presley
M. Wallace
L. Welk
E. Hemingway
R. Briscoe
P. Picasso
Art Baker
S. Loren
F. Costello
D. Hammerskjold
W. Beck

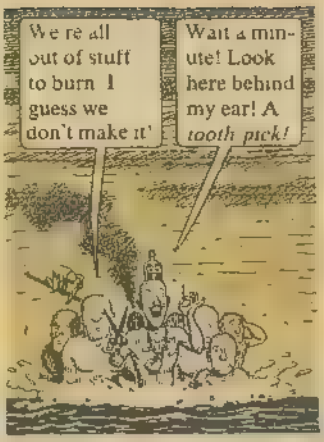
All right! Chop up the furniture, superstructure, masts, and throw them in the furnace!

Now the cabins, the decks... Hop to it boys and throw them in the furnace.

Chop up the bulkheads boys, and then throw them in the furnace.

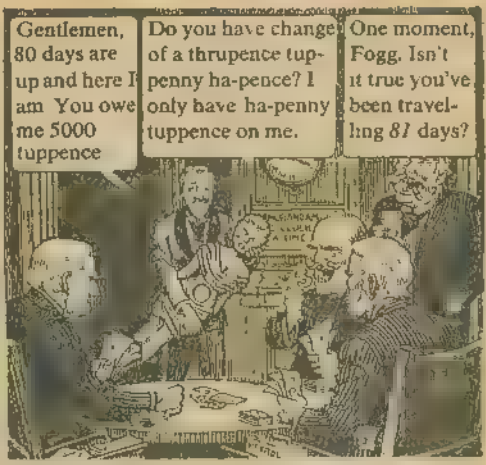
Dismantle the funnel, boys and throw it in the furnace!

Now take apart the furnace and throw it in the furnace!
There goes the last of it!

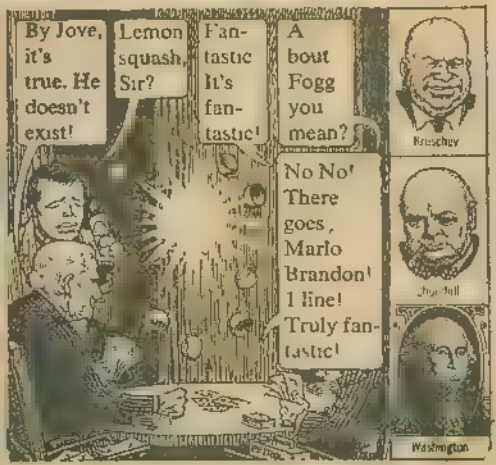

We're all out of stuff to burn I guess we don't make it'
Wait a minute! Look here behind my ear! A *tooth pick!*

We've chopped up the tooth-pick and burned it. I guess you lose the bet.
*Wait! Look!* LAND HO!
TSSSS

L Crabston
D Savage
T Swift
W Pooh
Alley Oop
B Jungle Roy
Sheena
S Hufmes
S Jack
S Loren
T Pirates
S Medluck


Gentlemen, 80 days are up and here I am You owe me 5000 tuppence
Do you have change of a thrupence tup-penny ha-pence? I only have ha-penny tuppence on me.
One moment, Fogg. Isn't it true you've been travelling *81* days?

Aha, gentlemen—that is true . . . but nevertheless, in going round the earth, I caught up with the international dateline. So although I got here Sunday, it was actually only Saturday.
In other words, I have not arrived yet and actually I do not exist.


By Jove, it's true. He doesn't exist!
Lemon squash, Sir?
Fantastic It's fantastic!
About Fogg you mean?
No No! There goes, Marlo Brandon! 1 line! Truly fantastic!
Krooschev
Churchill
Washington

A HUMBUG BOOK CONDENSATION

*A story of blood and torture and nifty bone-snapping.*

# SOMETHING OF MAU MAU

BY

ROBERT RAUK

## Chapter One

Parker Kensing stepped onto the veranda of his home in Kenya, Africa, and surveyed the remains of his family. "So the bloody Mau Mau were here," he sighed.

"Oh yes," said his father, Leonard Kensing. "They disemboweled your little nephew, drew and quartered your brother-in-law, Jeb, and let me see . . . what else . . ."

"Land sakes, father," said Parker's sister, Eliza, laughing, and shaking him good-naturedly, "can't you ever get it right? It was *Jeb* who was disemboweled and the *boy* who was drawn

and quartered?"

"If I live to be a hundred," said Leonard Kensing, shaking his head and smiling, "I'll never get that straight. Jeb—disemboweled Boy—drawn and quartered Jeb—disemboweled Boy . . "

Parker sat down in a chair. "Eliza, where is my favorite Siamese cat, Marvin?" he asked. "I would like to impale him on my panga!"

His sister went inside and brought out the animal. Parker stabbed him, lifted him into the air, and sliced him from chin to spleen. Then, as he wiped his blade clean, he saw in a corner of the porch a young girl he hadn't noticed before. His thoughts suddenly rushed back 11 years, when he and his servant, Kimono (now his most bitter enemy, and leader of the Mau Mau) played with a short girl, with red hair, freckles, and braces on her crooked teeth. This girl on the porch somehow reminded him of that girl. But time had done something to her. She had blossomed forth into womanhood. Now she was a tall girl with red hair, freckles, and braces on her crooked teeth.

"I say," said Parker, "you bloody well remind me of Hilly Kief, a girl I once knew 11 years ago. Let's get married."

"You've been working too hard hunting Mau Mau, Parker," she said. "We ARE married."

He shrugged his shoulders. Suddenly he flailed at the air. "Bloody fly," he growled, lashing all about him. The insect alighted on the railing, and Parker caught it with a panther-like swipe.

"Tell me, sir," he said to his father, removing the fly's head and carefully cutting it into three parts, "did my old friend, Kimono, have anything to do with this raid?"

"I don't know, son," said Leonard Kensing, reaching over to pluck out the fly's wings.

"Couldn't you see?" asked Parker, snapping off the legs, and setting fire to the tiny stumps, while the fly still lived.

"No," said Leonard Kensing, reaching for more of Parker's fly, "it was too dark."

Parker walloped his father in the teeth with a nut-cracker and quickly kneed him in the groin.

"Find your own damned fly," he said.

Parker went to bed. He must get an early start, hunting Kimono in the morning.

## Chapter Two

The oath-taking ceremony was about to begin in the glade near the small punk fire. While waiting for the leader to arrive, Kimono paced up and down in front of his squad. "You call yourself Mau Mau," he said. "What a laugh! If ever I saw a botched-up job, that Kensing raid was one. You, Ngoi!"

The person addressed looked up fearfully. "Ngoi, how long have you been disemboweling?"

"Two years, mundumugu," was the reply.

"Well, you looked like a rookie yesterday. How many times have I told you—cut up, not down. Cut up, not down. You've had it, Ngoi. I'm sending you down to Nairobi, and I'm bringing up Nanyuko in your place."

Ngoi shrunk shamefacedly in the shadows.

"And you, Maronja. You gave it a good try, but that bone-crunching was terrible.

At that moment, Njoga, the leader, pushed his way through the crowd with a white stranger, who reeked of garlic. Kimono sat down, as Njoga spoke. "My friends, as you know, I have been writing oaths for you for some time now. Well, today I have written what I modestly consider to be my best oath yet. But before we begin, the garlic-reeking white stranger would like to speak to you."

The stranger got up, and in a gutteral, garlicky voice, spoke: "Friends, I am a wa-Russian. My countrymen have heard of the wonderful work you are doing here, and I have come down to help you. Immediately after I take this oath with you, I will teach you how to better organize. And Then I will no longer be a garlic-reeking stranger but a garlic-reeking friend."

The men cheered the wa-Russian, and Njoga signaled for silence. The oath-taking ceremony was about to begin.

Fifty-seven sheep with their wool on inside-out, entered from the left. Astride the sheep were pregnant monkeys, in progressive stages of pregnancy, the earliest in front, and so on back. Eighty limping elephants with green paint on their tails, entered from the right. On top of each elephant was the middle-born son of the second cousin of a virgin with a deviated septum. Each middle-born son stood with his feet apart, 11½ inches, and deliberately punched himself in the stomach with a jackal's head. Overhead came a flock of vultures, flying single file, with every sixth one flying side-ways. In the background a score of drums pounded, while fireworks crackled in the distance. Suddenly, everything stopped. The sheep faced the elephants and the elephants the vultures. Each animal spat, each human did a backward somersault, and then spat 15 times. One hundred goats walked in and were slowly beheaded with dulled


continued on page 32

# CHARMS AND HEXES

*Baseball players believe that luck plays a very big part in the game.*

Baseball players are often accused of being superstitious. This just isn't so. They're just intelligent enough not to take any unnecessary chances by offending Lady Luck.

That is why every ballplayer has some sort of gimmick for good luck. Some always wear the same lucky glove, sock, or underwear in a game. Others carry their favorite lucky charms, coins, tobacco plugs, photographs, etc. Still others will go through some motion for luck, like tapping out 'V' for victory on home plate before batting, squeezing the resin bag before pitching, or rubbing dirt into their hands before fielding.

But, you may say, this can't possibly always work for everyone everytime. If it did, then the hitters would always hit 1000, pitchers would pitch nothing but no-hitters, and fielders would never make an error. The simple scientific explanation of why this does not happen is that there exists another, more powerful force that must be reckoned with, THE HEX!

Good luck charms

Hexers can be found almost everywhere, and some of them can dish up mighty strong medicine. Indeed they have to, in order to be effective against some of the great stars of the game whose good luck charms are known to be the finest in baseball.

On the following pages we will show some extraordinary shots of great hexers in action. A word of caution, overexposure to hexes may have weird consequences. So do not stare too long at pictures.

## THE PAPER BLOWOUT RAZZMATAZZ HEX

Willie Maze always pounds his glove exactly five times to insure his good luck for one when making outfield plays.

His good luck move certainly pays off as anyone can attest to after seeing one of his brilliant catches.

But when an enemy fan in the stands gives him the Blowout Razzmatazz, the results are usually disastrous.

## THE THREE FINGERED DOUBLE WHAMMY

Robert Robins one of our pitching all time greats will always touch certain parts of his uniform for luck

Then with deadly accuracy, he mows down the batters as though they were sitting ducks in a shooting gallery

But the Whammy gets him very confused he pitches to home the ball is balk is called and the run scores

## THE NEEDLING NEWSMAN HEX

Ted Willyums, the famous non-pitching spitter always expectorates generously into his palms before batting

The good luck that brings him such evident in the tremendous base hits this great slugger gets as a result

But when the Needling Newsman Hex is on him then Ol Theodore taps gentle pop-ups into waiting gloves.

## THE TWO HANDED HECKLE

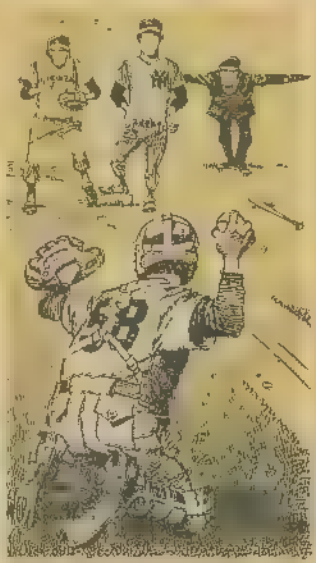
"Mr. Shortstop" Pee Wee Reese gets his luck by always fielding those grounders while he's on his right foot

Then ever f he's off balance, s a simple matter for him to fire a lightning-axe peg to erase the runner

But with the Two Handed Heckle on, he forgets his right hand from his left and the runner is easily safe.

## THE GREAT HOODOO VOODOO ANTI BUNTING HEX

When Mickey Mantle bunts he's so fast that he always has the time to give his bat a friendly boo, for good luck



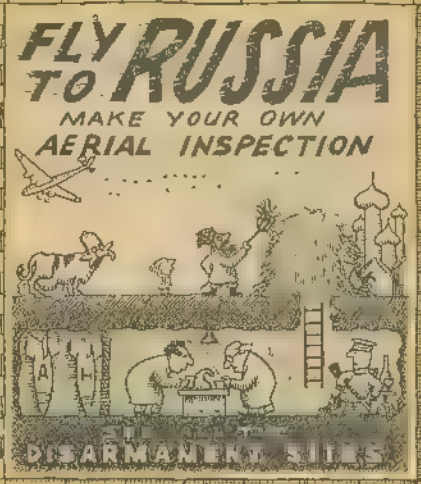
Then while fumbling opponents grasp vainly for the erratically bouncing ball, Mickey glides safely to first

But with the Hoodoo Voodoo on him the Mighty Mickey does the fumbling and can't get anywhere near first

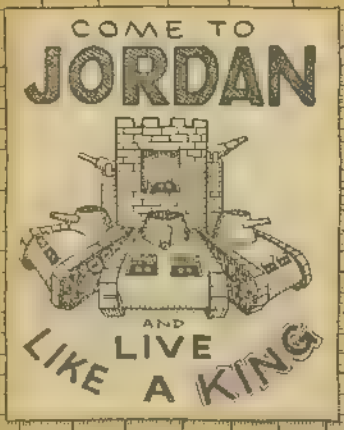
# VACATION-TIME

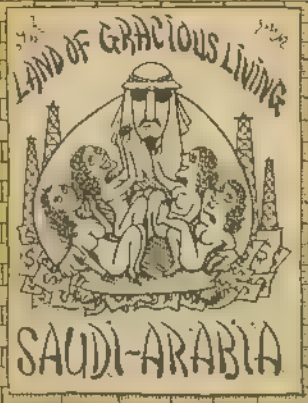
Humbug has prepared the following article to help you decide whether you want to vacation at home or abroad.

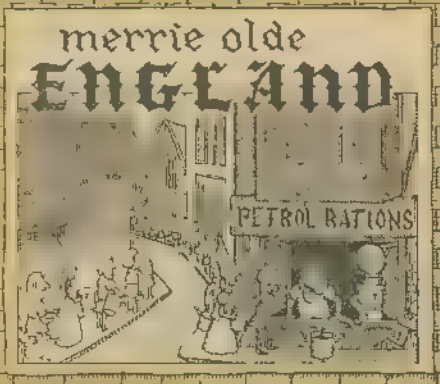
Abroad foreign governments print alluring travel posters hoping to part American travellers from the few dollars they have gleaned by lying on their income-tax returns. Usually some ordinary scene is pictured instead of the actual charm, grace and beauty of their countries. Here we present our revised designs to convince the hesitant tourist.

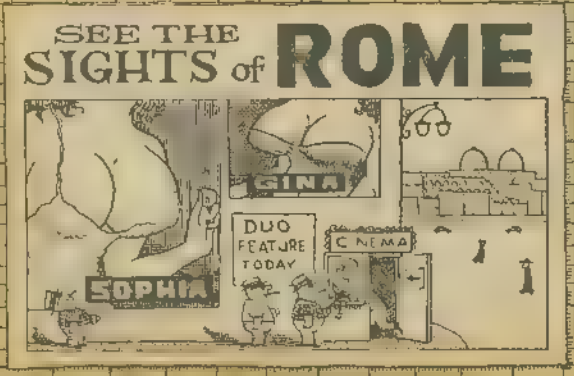


*stimulating reproductions for you who'll vacation ABROAD.*








ARNOLD Roth

# VACATION-TIME *stimulating scenes for you who'll vacation in U.S.A.*

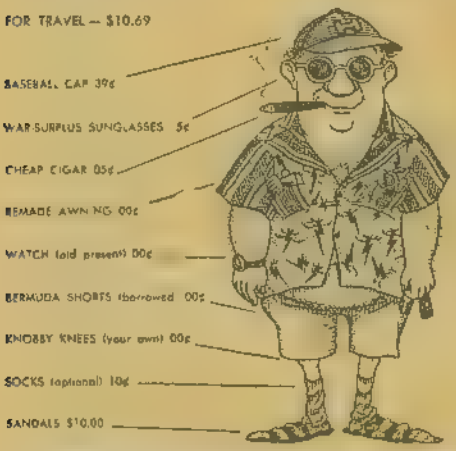
**RESORT LIFE IN THE DAYTIME** Vacationers thrill to splendor of nature's majestic great outdoors

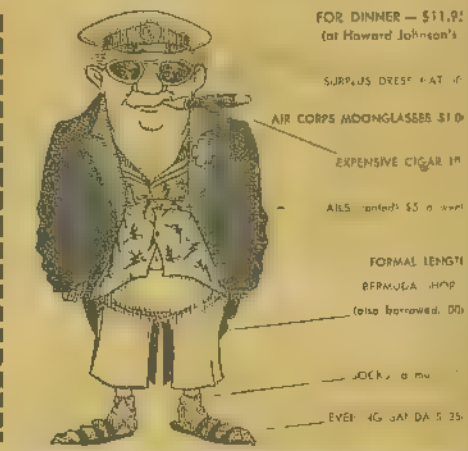
**RESORT LIFE IN THE NIGHTTIME** Quaint resort towns rich historically, scenic, cultural interest

# VACATION-TIME

## *A practical guide for vacationers ON A BUDGET*

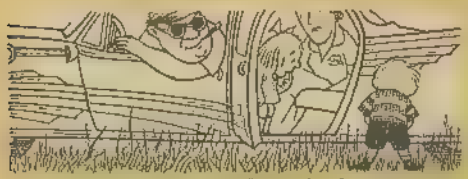
*See America first! A low cost vacation awaits the clever traveler with a cheap nature. Expensive transportation, equipment and clothing can be avoided by imaginative application of simple shortcuts (such as stealing, etc.) as shown below*



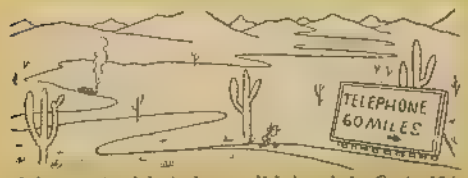
Ideal route. Gas — $75.00 Traffic tickets — $280.00.

Food is easily procured. Fines range from $5.00 to $1000



Stops, starts cost time, gas. Stop only when necessary

The beauties of nature are free for the earnest seeker




Join an auto club. A phone call brings help. Cost — 10¢

Even staying home is fun when imagination is employed.

# A NIGHT AT THE CASTLE

BY ALEX ATKINSON

**Noel Coward is reported to be writing a comedy about Disraeli, in which he wants Groucho Marx to appear. I had the same idea some years ago, but was too shy to do anything about it. To keep the record straight, I give below the closing scene of my second act. Mr. Coward is welcome to any or all of it. The scene should be played at breakneck speed and Disraeli should have horn-rimmed glasses, a cutaway coat and a grease paint moustache.**

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF PUNCH

*It is night in October 1875, QUEEN VICTORIA is seated at piano in a room at Windsor Castle, humming nostalgically as she plays a few hits from musicals of the early part of the century. She is dressed in black. Presently she frowns, and stops playing.*

VICTORIA: There is something odd about this pianoforte.

DISRAELI (*inside the piano*): You're telling me! Every time you press the clutch I get a crack on the shin.

VICTORIA (*opening the piano*): Mr Disraeli! How dare you enter our pianoforte at this time of night?

DISRAELI: You mean to tell me it's not open yet? (*He climbs out, and dusts himself with the end of her shawl.*) It's an outrage! It's getting now so a man can't go into his favorite piano when he wants. (*He shakes the shawl, and a moth flies out.*) Aha! So we are not alone!

VICTORIA. Mr Disraeli——

DISRAELI (*flicking cigar ash into her crown and leering*) Call me Ben.

VICTORIA Certainly not!

DISRAELI (*jumping into her lap*) Ah, come on now, Victrola. What about that night of burning passion when you winked at me behind your fan?

VICTORIA: We had a smut in our eye.

DISRAELI. Yes—and that book you were reading didn't look any too clean, either.

VICTORIA (*indignantly*): That was dear Mr. Tennyson's *Maud*!

DISRAELI That dope? what's *he* got that *I* can't steal? (*Going down on his knees*) Victrola, you can't let old Alf Tanglewhiskers come be-

tween us! You know I love you for yourself alone! (*Aside*): Well—that and the Crown Jewels. (*To her*): Why don't we throw discretion to the winds and give those guys at Eton something to talk about?

VICTORIA: We have a lot of needlework to do.

DISRAELI (*rising, prowling about distractedly*): Interruptions—always interruptions! If it's not needlework it's famine in Ireland. (*He picks up a decanter of Madeira and drains it.*) (*Spluttering*): Have you been standing daffodils in this?

VICTORIA (*alarmed*): Mr. Disraeli, we don't like the look of you! How are things with the Empire?

DISRAELI: I don't know, but they tell me they're booked solid at the Lyceum

*The door opens, and* CHICO *looks in expectantly.*

CHICO: Psst! Psst!

DISRAELI (*suspiciously, to* VICTORIA): Why can't you eat your soup like a lady?

VICTORIA. We are not eating soup.

DISRAELI: Well somebody is, and I'm not going to rest until I find him. (*He throws a large sideboard over on its back and begins to ransack it vigorously.*)

CHICO: Psst!

DISRAELI *looks up and sees him.* Now, boss?

DISRAELI: No, no. Later. (*He hustles* CHICO *out and shuts the door.*)

VICTORIA: Whom was that, pray?

DISRAELI: That was a Mr. Scrapecheese.

VICTORIA: Do we know him?

DISRAELI: Search me. I never heard of him.

VICTORIA: But he just went out.

DISRAELI: Who did?

VICTORIA: Mr Scrapecheese.

DISRAELI: He *did*? Well, he's got his own life to live. I have troubles of my own (*He goes down on his knees and takes her hand.*)

VICTORIA: But why have we never met him?

DISRAELI: That's easy. He's been dead for years.

VICTORIA: Then that can't have been he!

DISRAELI: Are you kidding?

VICTORIA: Oh, Mr. Disraeli, you *are* a droll! (*She pokes him playfully in the eye with her fan.*)

DISRAELI: I bet you say that to *all* the Prime Ministers. (*He rolls up her sleeve and begins to plant kisses on her arm from the wrist up.*)

VICTORIA: Aren't you getting a little too old for this sort of thing?

DISRAELI: That's your worry, not mine. (*He puts an arm around her, knocking her crown askew.*)

*A* LADY-IN-WAITING *enters.*

LADY-IN-WAITING: Oh — excuse me. I didn't know there was an orgy on tonight.

DISRAELI: Don't you ever read the Court Circular, you succulent little minx? (*He releases* VICTORIA *and makes a beeline for the* LADY-IN-WAITING, *taking her in his arms and squeezing her.*) (*Aside*): Ah, this is the life! (*To the* LADY-IN-WAITING): What d'you want, and I hope it's a rude answer?

LADY-IN-WAITING: Mr. Gladstone is at the front door.

DISRAELI: Has he got his bag?

LADY-IN-WAITING: Yes.

DISRAELI: Tell him we've got all the brushes we can use. (*He hustles her out and returns to* VICTORIA.)

VICTORIA: (*putting her crown straight*): Did you wish to see us, Mr. Disraeli?

DISRAELI: Well, I certainly didn't come in here to read the meter. (*He picks her up, puts her on a sofa, jumps up beside her, and leans against her amorously, smoking his cigar.*) You know, you're cute. They ought to name a railroad station after you. (*He tickles her chin. The music of a harp is heard,* OFF.)

VICTORIA (*drawing away from him*): Hark!

DISRAELI: Now what?

VICTORIA (*guiltily, looking up to heaven*): Listen! It's Albert! He must be angry with us!

DISRAELI: In a pig's eye it's Albert! (*He hurries to the window and opens it. Calling*): Hey! You down there with the bed-sized banjo! What d'you think we are—amused?

*Harp music stops. A motor-horn sounds twice.*

(*To* VICTORIA): Make that *six* hard-boiled eggs. (*Calling down again*): Get outa here before I fetch a Beefeater! A lousy sandwich you'd

*continued*

make anyway. Here! (*He tosses a coin out of the window.*) Here's a wooden nickel. Don't take any more! (*He shuts the window and returns to the sofa.*) I've had just about enough of this. All I crave is a little innocent debauchery, and what do I get? Bedlam! (*He sits again, and leans against her, closing his eyes.*) Ah, that's better. Let me rest my weary head on your Embankment.

VICTORIA: Mr. Disraeli, we believe you are dallying with us.

DISRAELI (*aside*): I knew she'd catch on sooner or later. (*To her*) My intentions are strictly unmentionable. How are yours? Keeping all right?

VICTORIA: Affairs of State weigh heavy on our chest.

DISRAELI: Pardon me. (*He rests his head on her shoulder instead.*) Incidentally, not to put too fine a point on it, how are you fixed for canals these days? (*He puts his feet upon an inlaid mahogany china-cabinet.*)

VICTORIA: You have one for disposal?

DISRAELI: I sure have.

VICTORIA: How big is it?

DISRAELI: That depends. What size d'you take?

VICTORIA: I——

DISRAELI: It's a deal! Sign here. (*He whips a document and a quill pen from his inside pocket.*)

VICTORIA: But wait! We can't sign yet!

DISRAELI: Well, make a cross. I'm not fussy.

VICTORIA: But where *is* this canal?

DISRAELI: I got it right outside.

VICTORIA: Will it be safe there?

DISRAELI: It hasn't complained up to now. Come on—what am I bid for one canal? Running water both ends—so easy a child can fix it—will not repeat after meals——

VICTORIA: We could perhaps make you an earl?

DISRAELI: Can I take it in cash?

VICTORIA: Certainly not!

DISRAELI: Okay, but you twisted my arm. make me an earl. But make him fast, and wrap him up—I want to take him with me.

CHICO *comes in again*

CHICO: Now, boss?

DISRAELI: Yes—now. (*To* VICTORIA) Hold tight, baby. This is your big scene.

*He clings to her and she clings to the sofa, as* CHICO *holds the door open and the Suez Canal comes in.*

CURTAIN.

*British armed might becomes*

# OFFENSIVE

*England, a traditionally DEFENSIVE military power, is planning a changeover to OFFENSIVE tactics with missiles, thereby reducing armed forces and expenses. To illustrate the difference we present Britain's military approach—past and future.*

## ENGLAND ON THE DEFENSIVE

Defends fields of Sussex from Bedouins in Near East.

Defends Kent from Redmen attacking out of New World.

Defends Scotland from cannibals attacking out of Africa.

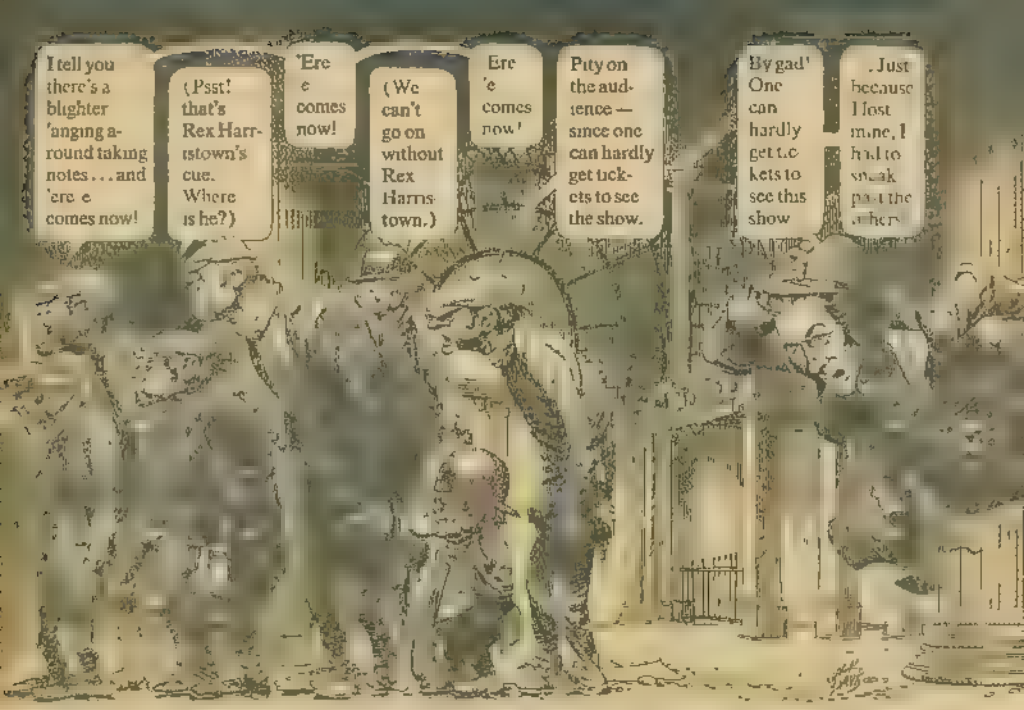
Defends London from the empire-minded Fakirs in India.

Defense in Australia-Eng. defends so well, owns the world.

continued

## ENGLAND ON THE OFFENSIVE

*John Bull's new "guided-missile" look*

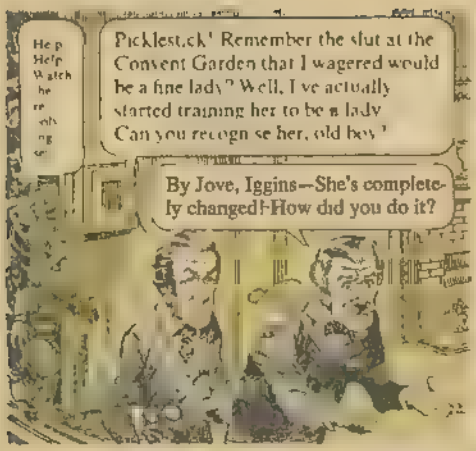

I tell you there's a blighter 'anging a-round taking notes . . . and 'ere e comes now!
(Psst! that's Rex Harr-stown's cue. Where is he?)
'Ere e comes now!
(We can't go on without Rex Harris-town.)
Ere 'e comes now!
Pity on the audience — since one can hardly get tickets to see the show.
By gad! One can hardly get tickets to see this show
Just because I lost mine, I had to sneak past the ushers

# MY FAIR SADIE

*You who were fortunate enough to get tickets to see this Broadway musical may not be aware that the original play was written by a great playwright years ago. Though the author is long dead the play has been continually revived, now as a musical with new tunes and lyrics – a hit on Broadway with the record sales running well into the millions — which all goes to again prove that great plays don't sell as well as records.*

Spare tuppence ha penny guv ner?
Cockney dialect from east Soho London
Ha ye got a quid mon?
Scotch Welsh from county Thrup-penny shire!
Wudja wadja wadja g.v-ner Wudja
Barry Fitz Gerald from Going My Way

Fantastic Professor Iggins, the way you tell where people come from by their speech.
Col. Picklestick, speech and background are related — and I'll wager that slut flower-girl might be a lady but for her speech.
I'll take that wager
Git daddda here ya' creep!
West Bronx from lower Grand Concourse


Help Help Watch he re... ob ng...
Picklestick! Remember the slut at the Consent Garden that I wagered would be a fine lady? Well, I've actually started training her to be a lady. Can you recogn se her, old boy?
By Jove, Iggins—She's completely changed!—How did you do it?

No, no Pickle stick — that's my housekeeper! There's Sad e over there!
Cu -dadda here's a creep!
Now Sadie in order to improve your speech, I want you t re pe t after me

- I yearn to learn to earn more coin to burn
I yoin to loin to oin more koin to boin

A g a i n
I yorn to co n to learn more bo n to earn
A g a i n
I yearn to learn to earn more coin to burn

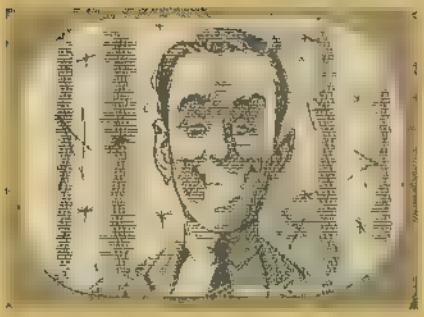
I think she's got it By George, she's got it!
I yearn to learn to earn more coin to burn

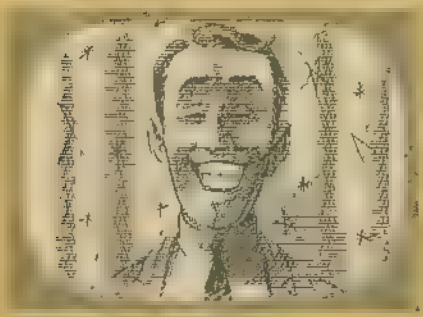
She's real- ly got it! I know she's got it!
Do you real ly think I've got it?
Sh! Sh! I'm singing This is the singing part
I say - it sounds ike you're talk- ing
I sing talk ng
Well then finish sing ng
wait — now I'm talking

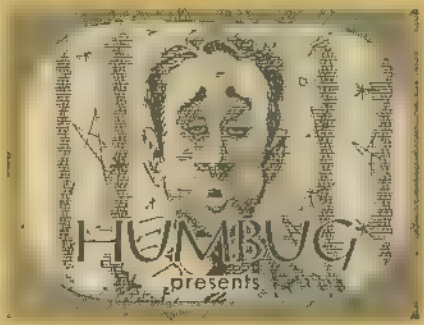
INTERMISSION
*HUMBUG brings you a first ...a magazine with an intermission so you can rest in middle of story

By Jove, who is the stunning creature Prof Iggins has brought to the ball?
I say, see how well she speaks
And how nicely she's dressed
She must be some fine lady
But why does she sit on the floor selling flowers?
By George, Sadie, you've come quite a ways since you used to say 'Gi-dadda here, ya creep'
Yes, I *have* changed Now get out of here, you rather creepy person
Help Help!
Well, Pickle-stick! I made that slut into a fine lady Have I won my wager?
You *have* won the wager
You did go around the world in 80 days
*Wait! Wrong story!*
Yes, Iggins — you really changed her speech and turned the slut into a lady.
Like I mean my speech got the new sound like I d.g it
Which all goes to prove you can be a fine lady and you still might be a slut.
Well, Iggins, I must confess you did it — you did it — you did it —
But some of the credit goes to you, old boy. I think you did it.
No, you did it!
You did it!
I did it!
We did it!
STOP! THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!
I did it.

A HUMAN INTEREST STORY






HUMBUG
presents

HUMBUG
presents
on the following pages
TELEVISION
BUGS

Don't ever put your foot on [illegible]

I've been on this island 15 years [illegible] and—

—I haven't seen a ship, a plane, a machine of any kind

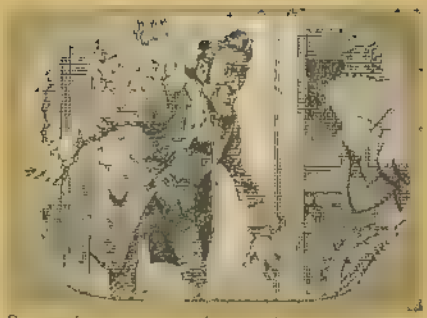
I'll show [illegible]

I haven't seen the tiniest bit of [illegible]

BANG!

For 15 years not a single trace of filthy civilization

—[illegible] describes our achievements—



*Darling, I've wanted to talk to you, but out [illegible] here—*

—some [illegible] are [illegible] the [illegible]

*—with all those people, there wasn't a private moment.*

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

*But now I've locked the door, and at last—*

—[illegible] Gibraltar

*—in this closed off room, we are alone.*

*Keep moving, Belle. In this cold, sleep means death.*

*Now, a Zzuzz lighter demonstration by Miss Linfilter.*

*I can't go on Sgt. Yukon—my eyes are closing.*

*—the secret why so many people are buying the Zzuzz—*

*Wait, Belle! Look! Mounties! We're going to be rescued.*

*Notice the action—*

*—rescued from this bitter cold.*

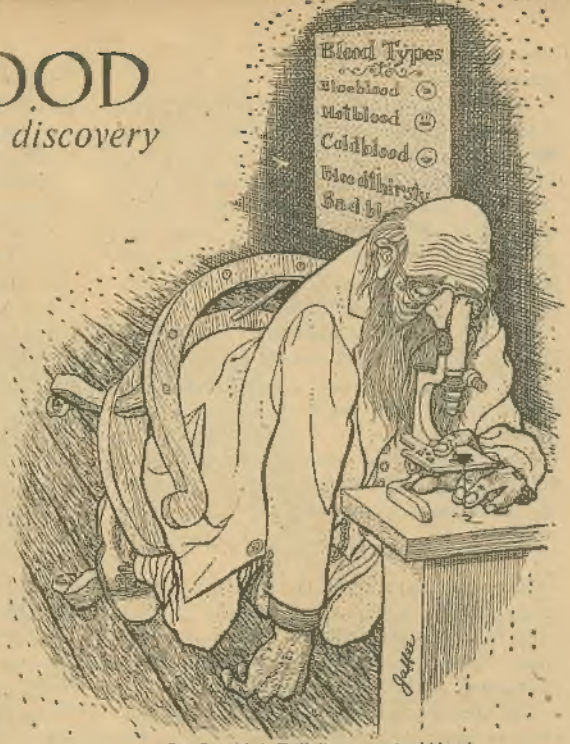
*—smooth action!*

MEDICINE

# TIRED BLOOD

*An astounding scientific discovery*

In recent years we have had such monumental discoveries as Dr. Salk's anti-polio vaccine, and the professors Col and Gate's "Gardoil" for fighting tooth decay. And now perhaps the greatest discovery of all. It was made by the eminently weary physicist, Dr. Gerald A. Toll, who carelessly cut his finger under his microscope. Summoning what little strength he had, he threw himself forward for a look at it. Before collapsing exhausted from this strenuous activity, he made a mental note of the unusually tired appearance of his blood. This later led to the development of the miracle drug Geratoll which banishes forever the dread thing we call TIRED BLOOD. Returning to his laboratory after a well deserved rest, the great doctor Toll promised to devote what energy he had left to finding a cure for that other great plague, TIRED PEOPLE.




*Dr. Gerald A. Toll discovers tired blood.*

## THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NORMAL AND TIRED BLOOD

Normal Blood

Tired Blood

## HOW MIRACLE DRUG GERATOLL PEPS UP TIRED BLOOD

When the tired blood is dropped on slide it just lays there.

When the Geratoll is dropped nearby it goes to work immediately.

Geratoll's magic ingredient "togetherness" seeks to join blood.

Blood hates magic ingredient, withdraws, becomes erect, alert.

continued from page 10
letter-openers.

Then Njoga sprang to his feet and passed out Mallomars (a chocolate-covered marshmallow cookie) to each of the Mau Mau. To the wa-Russian he gave chocolate-covered garlic. Then each Mau Mau dipped his Mallomar, and the wa-Russian his garlic, into goat entrails and devoured it, while Njoga had them repeat his very latest oath: "Sticks and Stones May Break My Bones, But Names Won't Disembowel Me."

Meanwhile, a Mau Mau spy came trotting into the camp. Running straight up to Kimono he whispered, "Kimono, I have heard that Bwana Parker is coming for you. You had better hide."

Kimono quickly sopped up goat entrails with the remains of his Mallomar, dabbed his mouth, and ran off into the mountains.

## Chapter Three

For seven days and nights, Parker and his trusty gunbearer, Lotheloth, tracked Kimono.

In spite of their failures, Parker wondered what he would have done without this sinewy, lithe son of Africa.

The country was inbred in Lotheloth's soul. He was as much a part of it as the trees and grass, and he constantly amazed Parker with his wisdom of the ways of the wilderness. Lotheloth taught his Bwana invaluable jungle secrets, such as: Where the sun comes up is the East—To start a fire you light a match—Lions bite.

Whenever they were lost on cold nights, Lotheloth, with remarkable animal cunning, would run into a clearing, kneel, put his ear to the ground, smell the grass, chew on the bark of a tree, drip sap over his left ear, toss 18 twigs in the air, and then lead Parker off in the direction pointed out by the smallest twig. They'd still be lost, but in this way Lotheloth kept warm.

Their togetherness had a strange, exhilarating effect on Parker. Too long had he considered the children of Africa as wild beasts. But his closeness to Lotheloth taught him a lesson in democracy he would never forget. He grew to regard Lotheloth as the faithful hunting dog he never owned.

He taught him to heel, chase sticks, bury bones, and on warm days he let him walk without a leash.

On their eighth day out, Lotheloth got poison ivy, and Parker sent him back home.

On the ninth day, working his way down the side of a hill in the late afternoon, Parker stumbled on a cave, artfully hidden in the brush. From inside came the voices of a man and a crying baby. Peering into the cave, which was lit by a shaft of sunlight that had penetrated the opening, Parker started at the sight of the man who was unmistakably . . .

"Kimono!" screamed Parker, leaping at him with his knife bared. Parker landed on top of Kimono and the two of them rolled over and over on the floor of the cave, kicking, biting, punching, gouging, kneeing, stabbing, slapping, mauling, and giving two for flinching.

Now Parker was on top of Kimono with his knee so deep in his stomach that its impression could be seen in the other's back. Now Kimono was on top, clamping Parker's ear firmly in his teeth, then quickly shifting to Parker's eye.

Finally, with one last effort, Parker clamped his hands around Kimono's throat and squeezed. The Mau Mau's tongue came slowly out between his lips, stopping momentarily at the remaining teeth, and then bursting through. As Parker squeezed harder, the tongue came out farther. Parker stopped and rolled the tongue back into the mouth. He had breaking to do on Kimono's bones, and the sight of the tongue annoyed him.

As Parker was busily crushing leg bones into slivers and grinding slivers into powder, Kimono's tongue came out, and Parker pushed it back in, and it came out. He pushed the tongue in and held Kimono's mouth together, then slowly relaxed his grip. The tongue remained in. He relaxed his grip entirely; the tongue stayed in. Parker smiled and got up to leave; the tongue came out. Parker saw some rope in a corner of the cave. He seized it and wrapped it tightly around the Mau Mau's head and chin and made a knot. The tongue stayed in.

As Parker brushed himself off and started to limp away, he noticed the baby for the first time —undoubtedly Kimono's son.

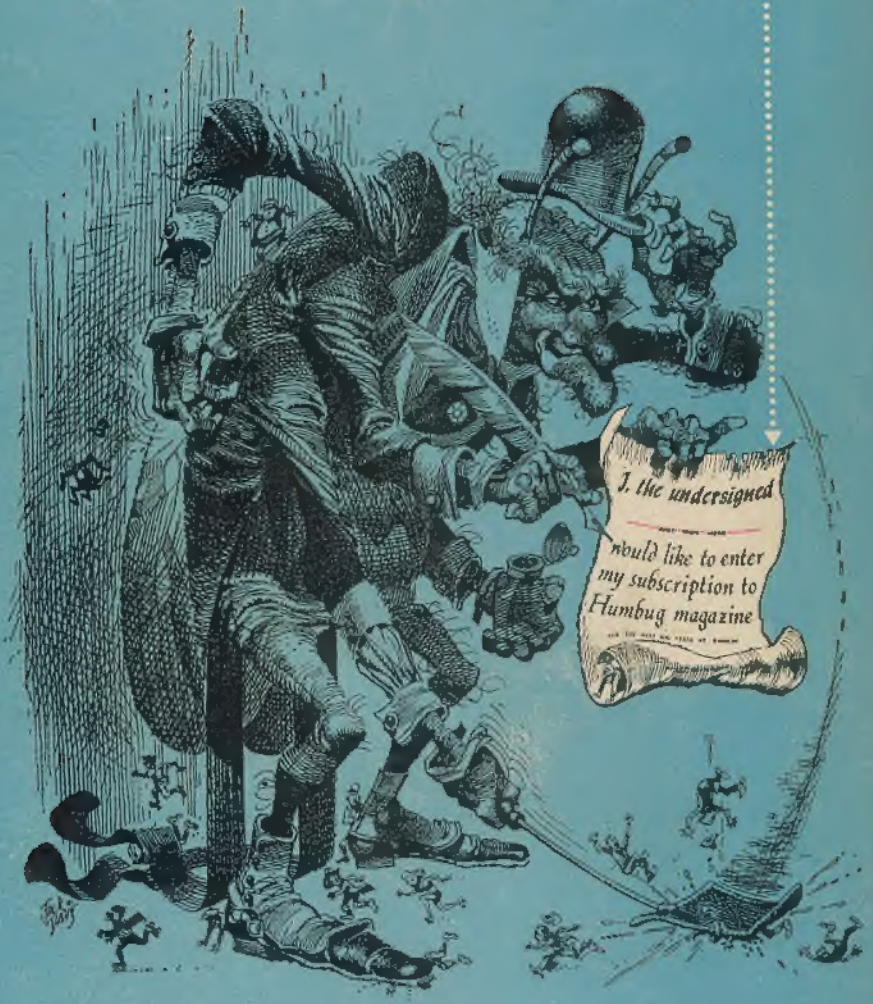
He picked up the crying infant and slowly, painfully he made his way out of the cave and down the mountain. The white hunter carrying the African babe in his arms into the sunset.

And this was symbolic of the whole situation; the key to the problem of Africa . . . summed up in a single idea, which is simply: what is a bwana profited if he shall gain the whole mukongogo and the ndofus that the ku-lala, if he loses his own pumbavu.

A half mile back in the cave, Kimono's tongue slowly came out.

End

# JUST SIGN HERE

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